The Address of Father Address is the Pathers and Sections of the Pathers and Sections of the Section of the Sec

danger that is to be feared we find in the Ensyclical Humanum genus, an epistle worthy of the Pontifical dignity, a wonderful one, and to be eternally remembered.

I request you. Reverend Fathers and Brothers in Christ, to turn your minds to this of the Vieur of Christ as said by our Lord Christ. That letter gives a sad description of our times, and we need to inspect it and know from it the machinations, the deceptions, and frauds of the enemies of the Church, and to thoroughly understand also the weapons which we must have ready at the command of the sovereign Pontiff. We are taught by that letter that the Christian world has no more powerful enemy than that secret asso-ciation which, born in darkness, breaks forth out of the gloom, and confidently and impudently proclaims itself able to destroy the Church of God.

The nature of this secret association is

composed of simulation and falsehood. While, indeed, it nots so as to appear honest, good and benevolent, it hides and conceals its aims and shows them only to those who at a hint are ready to commit any crime in order to obey its despotism. Of these crimes the mos hateful is that by which they endeavor to overthrow from the foundation that order of religion which was erected by Christ, and to build another one according to their whims, drawing from naturalism their fundamental law. (Encycl. Leonis XIII. Asserting human reason to be the only guide and teacher, they deny revelation and destroy Nay, they turn their fury and weapons against this very Church, and want to rule according

this very Church, and want to rule according to their whims the Vicar of Christ, robbed of his civil kingdom. Having thus repudiated the seals of truth, they abuse so much of the light of reason as to persuade themselves that here is no God, and, rebellious even to natural honesty, they introduce every perversion of morals into public and private society.

These are some of the opinions which we rightly cull faise and fallacious. We will know them better from the same Pontifical letter, and to know them it is not enough to read it, but we must carefully consider it, in order to retain it deeply in our minds. We learn from that letter what danger we are threatened with, not only by the wickedness of the opinions, but also by their connection and alliance. It is, therefore, our duty to strive to oppose true principles to false opinions and to bad It is, therefore, our duty to strive to oppose true principles to false opinions and to bad associations, associations of good morals and piety, faithful and devoted to the Church, having one mind and communion of principles.

I have very little to say about principles. We must draw them out of revelation and from that philosophy which for the best of the Church and of our society, Leo XIII. has proposed to us, and which we see with great joy grows daily and brings forth those beautiful fruits which are the results of obedience to the Holy See.

We shall then strive by every effort to have ready at hand those principles which are fit to establish Catholic truths and to destroy the errors which form the defence of secret societies.

To this teachers of young men, publishers of books, and preachers of the Gospel will pay special attention.

We must not only mind cultivated people, but the knorant, too, and it will be a good idea to spread many examples of the Fontifical letters in little books, with explanations, from which Catholics may know what is to be svoided, what must be done, and what must be believed and irrmly held by them. As tender ago is more than any other needy of information, as it is necessary to oppose truth to error and plety to iniquity, and as it is chiefly our duty to teach children divine dectrine, I exhort and warn, you, dearest Fathers and brothers, to remember and think before Goot that our society was chiefly instituted for this purpose, via, to attend the progress of souis in Christian disctrine and life, chiefly through the instruction of the children and of those ignorant of Christian religion. Our Holy Father desired also that the Fathers should be admitted to the profession of three or four yows, or among the coadquiors, only on one condition, namely, that they should make aspecial promise to Almighty God in reference to this instruction of children according to the form of life which is contained in the apostolic letters of the Society of Jeaus and is its constitutions, (P. V., c. 3, 4.) The reason why, in the yows, mention is made of the instruction of children is, that this holy exercise may be specially recommended and devotedly attended to on account of the special homase paid by this to God in helping souli, and because it might have been forgotten or discontinued more ossily than some other exercises, as for instance preaching.

For a what we should oppose to the special homase provided and devoted and the children of the Chipma souling the second and to strend and so the provided and children of the children of the

Wanted in Rome 800 years ago in the Charek of Joses.

always there has been found some reason for delay. Three imperial ukases ware issued at different times, each directing a different route for the road, and yet to-day nobody knows when or where the Siberian railroad will be built. Such is the power of the lobby. That all the road is the power of the lobby. That all the such is the power of the lobby. That all the celebrated cases that aftr the road was that all the cases that strong the cases when or were published in full, the world would have had a large number of highly interesting Russian dramas. Unfortunately they are kept in darkness. Recently there was handed to the Senate a unique case involving the honor of a number of Bishops and Governors. Nataly Bulakh, widow of a court counsellor, had for a score of vears kent in a state of moral and physical serviced her pupil, Ann Mazurim. an orphan and heiress to \$300,000. Now. Bulakh is 60 years old and And for a score, but also red the road of the case of the countries of the case of the countries of the case of the countries of the case, three Bishops and as many Governors, who, in turn, administered the clerical and lay affairs of that province, were also aware of it, and yet nobody came to the rescue of the unfortunate girl. At last Mr. Philippoff, the imperial baker, reported it to the Ministers. Both Bishops and Governors used to receive money from Bulakh for charlitable institutions. Bulakh was tried and seatened to be transported to Biseria, but pending her appeal before the Senate, she enjoys these or \$100,000.

Most of the Ministers and other superior officers have left here either for the country or upon foreign journeys. Curiously enough each time the log days come both the civil and military officers are commissioned to go abroad and learn various important matters. Many editors, who are not the least among our rulers have slick here as the country of the subscribers without interesting reading, they have sent abroad some extra reporters to do all them portantiquely less and of the subscribers with

THE GREAT PROTITAL OF THE DRUSES. HAIPA, May 30 .- Toward evening of the day on which I arrived at the great Druse shrine of Neby Shaib, near Hattin, most of the sheiks who were expected had arrived with their retinues. It might have been a feudal gathering of olden time; the noisy welcome of the chiefs, the clansmen singing war songs and firing guns, the women following on donkers, all combined to make a scene which carried one back to the middle ages, and I never wearied looking at it.

My tent was pitched on the lowest terrace of the sacred building, for it is not allowed to the unbeliever to pees the night within those holy precincts. Indeed, it was an unprecedented privilege to be permitted even to camp on the terrace, where, indeed, there was only just room for my tent, nor should I have been allowed to edge in so close to the mysteries of Druse worship had there been five square yards of level ground within a quarter of a mile. But the precipitous rooks frowned above us all around, and the emparatively open space below was crowded with camels, horses, and donkeys, compelled to chum together. whether they liked it or not, and where the in cessant din added to the general uproar of the place. The constant and stentorian braying of donkeys, varied occasionally by a horse fight, mingled with the backing of dogs, the shrill scream of welcome or utulation of women, the loud singing and dispping of hands of the

dancing circles, and the firing of guns, all augured badly for a night's rest. However, there was no thought of going to bed yet; great piles of rice on which whole sheep had been skilfully dissected were now borne in on round platters, each carried by two four hundred people now collected at the shrine, and the feeding of such a multitude was no joke. Of these nearly half were wo-men, all in gala dress, the favorite colors being blue, green, and red. I don't know that I ever remember in the same number to have seen a larger proportion of pretty women.

When I went up stairs to the large vault
which contains the tomb of the Prophet, I
came upon them unexpectedly, all seated on

Same and the stands having a ware, and the stands of the s the floor around the circular mats of particolored straw which they use as tablecloths. The room, which was 70 feet long by 40 wide,

tume. The simple iong white cloth with the centre of one edge drawn low upon the back almost to the heels, bound fast by a wide fliet of brilliant color tied around the head, completes very attractively, with its ancient Expytian appearance, this simple but nightly characteristic dress, which is enhanced by necklaces and bangies, according to the rank and position of the wearer.

Our attention was now distracted by some rival performances of the male part of the community in the courty art below. Here the single more vehement, and time was given by and more vehement, and time was given by negentleman who played a pipe and another who was a sort of band master and directed the changes of time and step. Here the central figure who danced in the circle, instead of waving veils or handkerchiefs, flourished a sword with great grace and dexterity, slashing it about in excellent time to the music, and within an inch somotimos of the ness, sometimes of the legs of the performers. The dancers worked themselves up at last to a high pitch of excitement and perspiration, new ones persecuted the more than the prescription, and the work of the sale of those who were exhausted.

At last the gavetics were put an end to by the shels, who took no part in them themselves, but looked on with solemn dignity. The "ukkul," or initiated in the holy mysteries despise all such frivolities, which are reserved for women and the uninitiated. Most of these had been sitting in a circle in a quiet part of the terrace by themselves, discussing sitter religion or the political questions affecting the interests of their nation, most probably the latter; but the hour had now arrived when the serious business of their nation, most probably the latter; but the hour had now arrived when the serious business of their nation, most probably the latter; but the hour had now arrived when a feature is a such frivolities, which are reserved for working of the hours, and the service was conducted by many and the service was conducted by many and the service

tension. The Druses of Galiles differ in position from the other two sections of the nation
in that they enjoy no privilege of any kind,
but are, on the contrary, less fortunately
placed in their relations to the Government
than either Moslema or Christians, the former
being naturally, to a certain extent, favored by
their Government, and the latter being always
able, in case of a grievance, in appeal to some
Christian European power. These Druses are,
however, absolutely without protection of any
kind, and have many grievances unredressed,
and many acts of hostility on the part of the
peasantry of other religious among whom they
live to struggle against. The only consosistion
they enjoy is the support and comfort they
derive from the close tribal family connection
which they keep up with the other two more
fortunate branches of the nation. It is easy to
perceive, therefore, why they should attack
great value to these religious gatherings, and
utilize them for secular purposes. There can
be no doubt that the character of their religion,
with the secrecy which surrounds it, enables
them to organize in a special manner, and that
the theooratic element which enters into their
political constitution gives them a cohesion, a
unity, and a power for combined action which
the, Christian sects, with their jealousies, bigotry, and internal dissensions, do not enjoy.

THE BURDEN OF HIGH LIFE.

LONDON, June 20 .- The accelerated rapidity of motion is hurling the season on its vertiginous career, with ever-increasing impetus Slacking the pace, swerving from the track, escaping from the gear of the panting machine, has become as impossible as for an exhausted swimmer to breast the stream. The unstemmed current whiris along with resistless force, carrying onward a jaded, worn, and breathless crowd. The long hours of the summer day, the short hours of the summer night, are alike the short hours of the summer night, are alike insufficient for the work they have to do. No amusement is ended, no spectacle fully seen, no performance attended to the close; a morsel here, a chip there, a taste, a look, a passing contribution, and on, on to something clee, in everlesting rotation. Breakfasts that are luncheous, luncheons that are dinners, kettledrums, the Breakfasts that are luncheons that are dinners, kettledrums, the Row, the opers on Saturday, the French comedy on Thursdays; Patti, when she returns; Lucca, whenever the prima donna of the year opens her lips in song; concerts peppered in at off hours, the musical Ride at Islington, races, Hurlingham, Sandown, fancy fairs and historical shows, moonlight at the Health Exhibition, electric light at balls, pompous official dinners—all the glittering spokes of the revolving wheel of pleasure, the ever-filling, ever-empty-ing noria on the treadmill of enjoyment.

Prom the Boston Advertiser.

Visitors to the Public Garden may have noticed a number of novel and tasteful devices in the arrangement of the shrubbery about the Washington Monument. A gentleman from Malaga, who was spanish to munished these designs. One of the devices is the rate was a familiar Egyptian symbol. Another striking device is the coat of arms of Alhamar, a word meaning "Only God is all-powerful." This is from the waits of the Alhambra. The coat of arms of St. Peter is also displayed here. The sword of the famous Moorish have Blooded is represented in the shrubbery, and the little hatchet with which the youth-ful Washington executed his famous assault upon the cherry tree. A map of North and South America is also displayed the security is also depicted in this holt about the equestrian status, and the representation of Cuba suggests the warning counsels of Washington in the farewell address sgrainst "the insidious wiles of foreign influence." Altograther these variety to the stereotyped forms of garden decoration. They suggest that a useful standy by thus bringing its emblems before the area.

PORTRY OF THE PERIOD.

Maybe this in fun, sitting in the sun, With a book and purseel, as my angler wishes, While he dips his jine in the ocean brine, Under the delusion that his balt will catch the fishes. Tis remantic—yes! but I must confess Thoughts of shady reems at home somehow

more inviting.

But I dare not move. "Quiet, there, my love,"

Says my angier. "for I think a monstrous

Oh, of course, it's bliss-still how bot it is!
And the rock I'm sitting on grows harder ever; minute,
While my fisher waits, trying various baits,
But the backet at his mde, I see, has nothing in it.

It is just the way to pass a July day— Arcadian and sentimental, dreamy, idle, charming. But how force the smallght falls, and the way that incoerawle Along my neck and down my best to really quite

"Any luck ?" I gently ask of the angler at his task.
"There's comething pulling at the line." he says; "I've almost caught it;"
But when with a blistered face, we our homeward steps

retrace.
We take the little backet just as empty as we brought it.

ELLA WESSLES WILLOU.

"Little Brown Hands." From the Here Haven Heres. They drive home the cowe from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quali whistles foud in the wheat field
All yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick waving grasses, Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows, They gather the earliest monwdrops, and the first crimson buds of the rose. They tose the hay in the meadow, They gather the elder blooms white. They find where the dusky grapes purple in the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest, And are sweeter than Italy's wines. They know where the fruit is the thicknest On the long, theray blackberry vines. They gather the delicate sea weeds, And build they castles of sand; They pick up the breatful sea shells— Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tail, rocking tree-tops, Where the oriole's hammeck nest swings, And at night-time are folded in sumber By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toll bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
thail grow mighty rulers of state. The pen of the author and statesman, The noble and wise of our land— The sword and chisel and palette, shall be held in the little brown hand.

Ret Medue in Robus.

From the Fortnightly Review Once, in a State of old renown where freedom had been overthrown, An honess patriotic youth. Who worshipped liberty and truth, Indigmant at the upstart power of the dictator of the hour, Property of the dictator of the hour, Indigmant at the upstart power of the first the state of the hour, Indigmant at the upstart power. The third of the state of the public place. But "Hold!" exclaimed in wise slarm A freud who seized his lifted arm, "What is they weapon?" "Truth," he said. The friend that etopy'd him shook has head: "Rash boy, beware of Truth, whose course, Like that of an unmastered horse, Like that of an unmastered horse. Like that of an unmastered horse, Like that of an un

"What," cried the brave young citizen,
"And would'st thou leave unpunished, then,
The ensiaver of our country?" "Kay!" The ensiaver of our country? "Nay!"
His friend replied, "a better way
To make a tyrant wince I know,
And thou shalt witness every blow
I deal him. Leave the wretch to me."
Then from a neighboring temple he
A goiden censer fetched, and smiled
As in its glowing cup he; lied
The costly powdered pertunes, whence
Rich streams of rolling frankincense
Around its fragrant furnace swarmed;
With this insidious weapon armed,
He stole among the shouting crowd
Of sycophants who througed and bowed
About the throne; where, like a god
Emgirt with goiden clouds, whose nod
Turills waiting worlds, the despot stooped
Above the slaves that round him trooped,
Smiling approval of their praise.

That traitor, with admiring gase

Smiling approval of their praise.

That traitor, with admiring gase fixed on his destined victim, clung close to the royal chair, and swung His censer with a siy address. He seems that simulated awkwardness. For, at each swing, the spice-pot hit; (80 furiously he flourished it) The august incembent of the throng Its incense circled. Hone by hone The poor autrept's shrinking frame Was bruised, as fast that censer came in contact with its suffering shim. Here strated an arm, and there a skin, live struck its litia, now the thee; Woot sensitive to pain, in short, That clumy pot, as if in sport, if the bard and hot. And all the while And diattering voice, in turn bestows. The object of these strange carsesses.

Praises on praises, blows on blows.
The object of these strange excesses,
The wincing from their warmth, represses
As best he can the ignoble pain
Which, if revested, might shame the strain
Of adulation loud and long
They still elicit from the throng:
May, even the hatred whose masked battries
leal injuries disguised as fasteries
leal injuries disguised as fasteries
Attributes to excess of smaller
Attributes to excess of smaller
Attributes to excess of smaller
Contrives to smile, the wholing sore:
And when the ceremony's o'er
The day's account well balanced stands,
One rubs his shins and one his hands.

Making Love to Your Const.

From the Pitteburgh Post. Charming cousin, tell me where Shall I find one half so fair?
Like a sister? Yes, no doubt;
Still, not sister out and out.
Who that ever had a sister,
Felt his hear? beat when he kissed her?
Who by looking ever knew
That his sister's eyes were blue?
Who by looking the like loves
Bets his sister pairs of gloves? Bots his sister pairs of gioves?
Charming cousin, still are you sister in a measure too.
We can act as pleases us.
No one thinks it damperous;
Take of love or of the weather,
Take of love or of the weather,
Wander where we will make the cousins,
Careless of a chaperous.
You may thance with none but me—
"Only cousins, don't you see !"
Cousins safely may forget
All the laws of stiquette.

All the laws of stiquette.
Charming cousin, in your eyes
I can read a faint surprise;
Most be witchingly they glisten,
You to witchingly they glisten,
You may come to know some day,
Just one word, sweet cousin mine,
Ere we go to dress and dine;
If I ever chance to woo,
Cousin, she must be like you,
And the one who comes the nearest,
To my heart and soul the dearest,
Type of what my love must be,
Cousin, what if you are she;

My Little Wife. From the Cincinnatt Commercial

She isn't very pretty (so say her lady friends); She's neither wise nor witty With verbal odds and ends, No fleeting freaks of fashion Her voice is low and cooing, she listens more than speaks; While others talk of doing, The duty near she seeks.

It may be but to burnish
The sideboard's scanty plate,
Or but with bread to furnish
The beggar at the gate. So I, who see what graces
She sheds on lowly life,
To fashion's fairest faces
Prefer my little wife.

And though at her with pity
The city dames may smile,
Who deem her hardly pretty
And sadly out of style; To me she sceme a creature Ho musically sweet,
I would not change one feature,
One curve from crown to feet;

And if I could be never I think I'd be forever The beggar at the gate.

The Country Editor. From the Home Journal.

I saw him at his font
As he sat upon his stool,
And he smiled on the boys
As Grinwing,
Winning,
Happy with his type and rule.

He could citp, he could pasts, lie could write a leader fine, And set it up in style While he cut a monkeyshine For the boys, Full of moise, Happy tying type with twine. He could run a bunday school, Standing high upon a chair-

standing high upon a chair—
He wasn't tall enough
Till he got up in the air—
Off like a gun,
Smobling with fun,
Happy with the children there I saw him so he grasped.
With his houset grip and kind,
The hands of all the boys
As they left new fields to find.
And his smile
Is the while
Ever in their lives entwined.

HARD LINES FOR WORKINGMEN. How Small Landbolders in India are Florest When They Borrow Money.

CALCUTTA, May &. In every village of any eine in rural India, one of the integral mem-bers of the community is a personare known as the Bania. He belongs either to the Valsya— the third caste of Manu—or to the sect of Marwares, who have taken its place in many parts of the country. The system of rural economy is based entirely upon the proce-dures of this man. The cultivator, who is chief producer and also chief consumer, knows little of great towns. and expects the dealer to come to his own door. The Bania is the resident trader of the village, and com-bines in his person the functions of grain dealer, importer, and money lender. He, or mather this last-mentioned vocation of his, is purely the result of circumstances, in that he a usually the one thrifty person among an impecunious population. In the present state of things, abolish the money lender and the gen-eral body of cultivators would have nothing to depend upon but the precarious resource of the harvest of the year. The Bania's shop is at once the bank, exchange, and counting house of the village.

How do the most of our agriculturists-twothirds, if not more—become enslaved to the money lender? Here is what happens to many

an ordinary peasant.

He has, say, cight scree of land. At the beginning of October four of them are under autumn crope, the rest are ploughed and ready for wheat and barley. The next thing is to get the seed. There is neither grain nor cash in his house to spare—he has barely enough of either to keep himself and family going till the harvesting is done. In the big village hard by lives a fat Bania, who has the custom of all the country-side. Off to him hies our culti-vator, with a dozen others on the same errand. For his four acros be requires in round numbers four maunds of seed (a maund is 80 pounds). Wheat is selling now for \$1.12. and barley for 80 cents the maund. The Bania, therefore, books him thus: 2% maunds of wheat, \$2.80; 1% maunds of barley, \$1.20; total, \$4. Our friend returns home with his four

maunds of seed and his debt of \$4. None of his autumn harvest is yet ready to gather. October, however, has still a week to run, when rentday has come round. In India the scheme

on sautum harvest is yet ready to gather. October, however, has attill a week to rus, when rendary has comeround. In India the seldent of the provinces of the provinces of the provinces of Bengal. Behar, and Orisea, where the land has been leased out to what are known as the "landholders" at a permanent real, one of the following has been leased out to what are known as the "landholders" at a permanent real, one of their tonants without showing due cause in court. So loog, however, as the assessed the provinces of the land has been leased out to what are known and may be transferred by one tensant to another through saie or mortrage.

The tax collector must always be promptly. The tax collector must always be promptly as the provinces of the land has been leased to a sent the same time. So then, should fifteen days after he borrowed the seed, our friend is on his way found to be built. This time wantinessal all the same time, all for the same purpose, all because their crops are not ripe, and their. The farmer lies down that high with a heavy load of debt—that munds of seed and 55 for real. He and his wife talk it over before they his whole debt amounts to 89 in meany. But the interest—how much will that be? Let us advances made for seed in seed time at the following harvest. Debts of April are collected and the collected of the province of the provinc

eaty-five port can be per annum. It all good they about \$11. Is of wearest to compare the control of the period of

high on a principal of 50 Rs. Here, too, it is that any man who chooses may, with a forged bond and a couple of bought witnesses, gain possession of land to which he has no more right than the man in the moon. The abuses of these courts, too, are not confined to indiscriminate granting of decrees; the wonrisome length and intricacy of the proceedings, the thoughtless, heartless, machine-like procedure, the heavy coats, all combine to render them the terror of the ignorant and the simple. The peasant, however much injured by his usurer, will not dare turn upon him. Seeking redress is out of the question.

In fact, the moral disorganization among people in rural districts, produced by iswe affecting proporty and debt not adapted to their condition, is in the highest degree pitiable to see. They have been a curse to all sections of mon. The worst olements alone in the community are rampant. Tho debtor is impoverished, while the creditor is not made richer in proportion to his pains, because much of his lill-gotten gains are caten up by court harpies and legal frauta. According to our old institutes of figure, the accumulation of interest could not be made to go on after the principal was doubled, while the committee of village elders, who formed the tribunal in cases of dispute, was a competent anfoguard against individual rapacity. But Anglo-Saxon redtapsiem cannot see use or worth in anything that does not bear the London stamp.

The prime source, however, of all agrardan evils in India is the idiotic system of land assessments and collection of rovenues, which the flow serves to drive into the durches of the monsylenders land owners of all degrees. There is not in the whole annies of rick renting a more purblind, abused, and heartless set of operations than what pass current as the wise measures "of our "able Indian administrators" sent over from England. Not to go into details, led it be said that the Covernment assessments are always excessive to the vertest extremes of extortion, often execution of the sents